It is the irrepresenble expansion of over-com-d human energies. It is the exodus of the s. It is the outpouring of the too fall blood of d world into the all-capacious veins of the new It is the foundation in America of republican

world. It is the foundation in America of republican expires to outcomt in numbers and outvie in strength be parent states of Europe.

I say that is the work appointed of God for as to do, ed, with the blessing of God upon us, that work will do. If rivers run across our path, we will triege them; if mountains rise up to stop as, we will tandel them; if occans intervene, we will reclaim and sultivate them; if occans intervene, we will navigate them; if occans intervene, we will navigate them, to which last end, so long as there's an oak left on earth, gallant ships shall continue to be lanched into the waters of this our Merrimae. No material should be succeeded in the waters of this our Merrimae. No material estable can arrest our progress. We woo this fair estable can arrest our progress. We woo this fair estable can arrest our progress. We woo this fair estable can arrest our progress. I say this in the brides of the sea in open combat. I say this in the brides of the sea in open combat. I say this in the brides of the sea in open combat. I say this in the brides of the sonward course to the West. For time same confidence of conviction as one who, seeing the same set forth from the portals of the East, may sun set forth from the portals of the East, may speak of its onward course to the West. For time was when the United States were but weak hittle columns of England, scattered along the sea shore. Then they overflowed the Allephanies into the valley of the Mississippi. Next they absorbed the vast domain of France from Lake Superior all around to the Galf of Mexico, and Westward to Oregon. Next they possessed themselves of the two Floridas, and then of Texas. And finally they have marched on through New-Mexico into remote California.

But in our conquest of nature with our stalwart

Mexico, and Westward to Oregon. Next they possessed themselves of the two Floridas, and then of
Texas. And finally they have marched on through
New-Mexico into remote California.

But in our conquest of nature with our stalwart
arms, and with our dauntless hearts to back them, it
happens that men, nations, races, may, must, will perlah before us. That is inevitable. There can be no
change for the better save at the expense of that which
is—one generation gives place to another. Out of
decay springs fresh life. The tribes of Indians who
hanted over the land, without occupying it, retire before us like the hunted deer and the buffalo themselves
—deeper and deeper into the innermost recesses of the
continent. And the Hispano-Mexicans, wasting away
by separent incapacity of self-government, are suffering one province after another of theirs to relapse into
pristine desolution, and thus to become prepared to reevive the people and the laws of the United States.

All that is now history. Yet wise men saw long before that so it was to be. From the present they inferred the future, and spoke of it with the positivoness
and precision of inspired prophecy.

Of this a most remarkable proof is to be found in
the secret memoir, but recently published, which the
Count of Amuda confidently addressed to his sovereign, Charles HI. of Spain, on occasion of signing, in
1783, the treaties acknowledging the independence of
the United States.

"I have just concluded and signed," he says, "a

eign, Charles III. of Spain, or occasion of signing, in 1783, the treaties acknowledging the independence of the United States.

"I have just concluded and signed," he says, "a treaty of peace with England, and this negotiation has left in my mind a painful sentanent. We have recognized the independence of the English colonies, and that is to me a subject of grief and of dread. France has few possessions in America; but she ought to have remembered that Spain, her intimate ally, has many, which now remain exposed to terrible convulsions. I will not stop to examine the opinion of statesmen, as well countrymen as foreigners, who agree with me in estimation of the intrinsic difficulty of preserving our domination in America. Without entering into those considerations it suffices merely to speak of the perils with which we are menaced, on the side of the new power just created in a part of the earth where no other power exists capable of withstanding its progress. This new federal republic has come into being a pigmy, so to speak, and in order to attain its independence has needed the support and the forces of two great powers, France and Spain. The day is at hand when in those regions it will be a giant—a terrible Colosus. Then it will forget the benefits which it has received from us, and will think only of its own aggrandisement. The liberty of conscience—the facility of establishing new populations in immense territories, and the peculiar advantages held forth by the new Government, will attract thither cultivators and artisans of all nations, since men rush in pursuit of fortune; and thus, in a few years we shall witness with sorrow the menacing existence of the anticipated Colossus. The first step of this power when it shall have grown to strength will be to possess itself of the Floridas, in order to command the Gulf of Mexico. After having thus interposed itself in the way of our commerce with New-Spain, it will aspire to conquer that great empire, thus interposed itself in the way of our commerce with New-Spain, it will aspire to conquer that great empire, which it will not be possible to defend against a formidable power established on the same continent and, what is more, conterminous with it. These apprehensions are well founded, and cannot fail to be realized within a few years, unless, indeed, before then revolutions still more disastrous should break forth in our

Is not that remarkable? The Count of Aranda saw the white cloud in the sky; when it was no bigger than a man's hand, he knew that a tempest was wrapped in its folds; and he sought to ward off the imminent peril by constituting the Spanish celonies at once into semu-independent monarchies, governeed by vassal Spanish Princes under Charles as Emperor of Spain and the Indies, the latter retaining the immediate government only of the Islands of Cuba and Puerto Rico. If those provident counsels had prevailed, twenty years of revolution and of civil war would have been spared to Spanish, as by tinely application of the same policy they have been to Portuguese, America.

Just so it was that, thirty years previously, Thomas Pownall, the royal Governor of Massachusetts,

Pownell, the royal Governor of Massachusetts, sought to anticipate the independence of the thirteen British colonies, by raising them to the condition of federal members of a great British union, a grand marine dominion, as he terms it—so as to bestride the Atlantic one foot of the Colossus reating on Europe and the other on America.

If the far reaching views of either Thomas Pownall or the Court of Aranda had been adopted, how different would be our present condition! But the wisdom of Kings is nothingness and vanity, when weighed in the balance against the purposes of

weighed in the balance against the purposes of Providence.

The Count of Aranda well knew that the results which he apprehended in regard to the Floridas and New-Spain were will more certain as to Louisiana. The annexation of that province to the United States was not, as too many suppose it to have been, a mero Democratic ambition of the times of Thomas Jefferson. There is a memorable letter, addressed, years before that, by Alexander Hamilton to Harrison Gray Otis, in which Hamilton strongly expresses the longings after Louisiana entertained by the men of Washington's particular school, and avows the conviction ington's particular school, and avows the conviction possession of it is indispensable to the con-of the Union. He did but see and feel as to Louisiana what, in similar circumstances, others, at a later day, distinctly saw and felt as to Texas, and be it now declared, as to California, also, the necessary

it now declared, as to California, also, the necessary companion of Oregon.

I pray you not to misunderstand me. I reprobate, not war itself, but all irregular enterprises of war. I hold that the great issues of peace belong to the sovereign power of the Union, and should not be wantonly asurped by individual rashness. I glory in the acts, which it has fallen to me to perform, towards the repression of all such undertakings in the United States, whether on the part of a presumptions British minister, recruiting troops within our jurisdiction for the purpose of warfare in the Crimea, or of a reckless American adventurer, recruiting them for the purpose of plunder and murder in Nicaragua. No, let not the small man, Walker, be honored for this, on account of which the great man, Burr, was damned.

Non tall sxillo, nee defensorilus istis.

Non tali axilio, nec defensorilus istis, Tempus eret

The United States require no such instruments to belp them forward to the consummation of their des-tines in America. On the contrary them belp them forward to the consummation of their destinies in America. On the contrary, they impede us, Just as Walker, without capacity or power of possible good in himself, has only served to obstruct national purposes in Mexico, in Nicaragua, in all Spanish America. And such things tend to discredit us also. Thus far, if there be, in all the annals of time, a case of a mighty nation steadily advancing to its zenith in the shining light of untarnished honor, it is these United States. So mote it be—noblesse oblige. Independence of England, with our limits of original dominion intact, we achieved bravely on the field of battle, in righteous war, with Bunker Hill at the beginning of the contest, and at the close of it Saratoga and ning of the contest, and at the close of it Saratoga and Yorktown. Our succeeding great step was Louisiana, and that came to us by the spontaneous act of our oldest—and may she never cease to be our constant ally and friend—generous and glorious France. Followed by the Floridae, not extorted by us from Spain, but ceded to us by her, as John Quincy Adams once, with his forcible elequence, explained in my hearing—ceded to us in fair exchange for our own a province of Texus. That again returned to us of its own free will, after having been raised, through the authorized her caps with Hunter and Rask at their own free will, after having been raised, through the gallantry of her sons, with Hunter and Rusk at their head, to independence of Mexico, by the same identical right that Mexico was independent of Spain. And now California is ours, which we acquired in just war, and might have kept by the just right of war, but disdicated to do so, choosing rather to hold it by the tonure of cession and of contract, with contribution of ample indemnity therefor to Mexico. I say, all that is a record of which any nation might with good cause be proud; and so may it be continued on hereafter in the same bright line of glory and of justice to the san!

sentative isstitutions, and by means of the overflow sentative institutions, and by manufactured millions of the crowded, approach and discontented millions of Europe. That is the railroad track on which the cars of British America has been running for two conturies, dashing on, and smashing and crashing over everything which stood in the way of its mighty momentum, irresistible since it was the will of God. To the simple unity, the absolute continuous identity of this great event, there has been but one exception, the separation of Canada, New-Brunswick and Nova Scotia, from the Thirteen Colonies. In their endeavor to unite all British America under one Government, the founders of the American Republic failed: but the failure was in appearance rather than reality, for the founders of the American Republic failed; but the failure was in appearance rather than reality, for the same race, the same mind, the same law, the same political institutions, and the same public and private interests control and direct the fortunes of these sev-ered parts of British America; their progress and its results are in substance the same, and recent treaty arrangements of reciprocal intercourse have associated them in a commercial union, which, aided by geo-graphical facts, will terminate in their association by political union.

clitical union.

England knows this. She is gradually relaxing her England knows this? She is gradually relaxing her hold on America. It would have been better for her to do this at the revolution; for, by relinquishing America she gained, or will gain, Asia. To her the two things have almost the intimate connection of cause and effect. Instructed by the past, and let me add, with nobler thoughts on the subject than heretofore, she now sees and admits this in her present attitude toward us. Henceforth, then, America is ours to work out in it the eternal decrees of Providence.

tinde toward us. Henceforth, then, America is ours to work out in it the eternal decrees of Providence.

Men of Massachusetts, have you at all times thorceghly appreciated and strenuously cooperated to advance these great purposes of Providence! Have you! I might say, Yes, you have in act, but not always in thought. You planted self-government in America the moment you touched its shores. Then you mistakenly strove awhile to establish here an exclusive theoreacy; but in this you failed, because it was incompatible with the one great preordained event. You yielded at length, and conceded to others that religious liberty which you had previously claimed for yourselves alone. You pursued the thoughts of independence to the day of the Revolution, embedying that idea in the framework of a confederation of republics.

thoughts of independence to the day of the Revolution, embedying that idea in the framework of a coninderation of republies.

You clearly perceived and frankly, earnestly, powerfully contributed with Virginia to develop the great
territorial espacities of the North-west. But were
you equally clear-sighted in regard to the not less importent South-west? Did you in feeling support Virginia there? Did you not struggle to prevent the acquisition of Louisiana, the acquisition of Florida, the
acquisition of Texas, the acquisition of California?
Was not the Union, as our fathers conceived it, thus
completed in spite of you? And yet, who profited
first, who profited next, who profited constantly, by
each of these great stages of the great event?
Was it not you, the men of Massachusetts,
with your ships, your manufactures, your mechanic
arts, and your intelligence? Nay, did you not unconsciously, and as it were in despite of yourselves,
potentially contribute, with might and with will, as
Massachusetts does whenever she acts, to the consummation of the great event, by pouring your capital,
your industry, your inventive genius, and your men,
into each one of the successive territorial accessions to
the Union? You did: you could not help doing it
you are strong and self-willed, but the great event was
stronger and more willful than you; and it matched
you up out of the depths of unseasonable opposition
to it, absorbed you into its vertex, and when there, as
with your virtues and your lights you deserve to be,
you became the most efficacious element of its further
progress.

Why is it so? Why is it that for so many years

Why is it so? Why is it that for so many years Massachusetts has perseveringly opposed whatever is and persistently endeavored to prevent whatever is

I look around in my native State, and seeing it as it is crammed full with intelligence and accomplishment of the highest order in all the possibilities of life, and ask myself if she be not—and if she be not, why she is not—the head, the brains, the thought, the soul of

the American Union?
It is not that the men of Massachusetts, with admitted high intelligence, lack courage. Quite as often a otherwise, they have this in excess, plunging into the strife as if they could master it,
"And with strong hand hold in the rearing world;"

"And with strong hand hold in the rearing world;"
and occasionally manifesting somewhat of that hardihood of unreason, which plants the butting bull in
front of the locomotive machine's full career.

Nor is it because of interested views on the part of
Massachusetts. She is singularly disinterested—governed by ideas rather than by mere interests. She
manifests this even in her political aberrations. She
opposes all policies of the Federal Government, sometimes merely because they are such. Thus, at one
period, with Daniel Webster in the State Department,
Edward Everett Minister to England, Isaac C. Bates
and Rufus Choate in the Senate, and a delegation
composed of such men as John Quincy Adams, Leverett Saltonstall, Nathan Appleton, Robert C. Winthrop, and George N. Briggs, in the House, Massachusetts had, or might have had, her own way, in all
things reasonable; and yet she pulled the building
down about her head, out of imaginary devotion to
the United States Bank. Why need she trouble herself as to that? "What is Hecuba to her, or she to
Hecuba?"

Could it advantage Boston to have all the banking Could it advantage Boston to have all the banking capital of the country revolve around Philadelphia! Or was it important to Boston, whether any little surplus of public treasure on hand was or was not used as banking capital? Yet on such an issue opposition Massachusetts would have,—opposition to her own men, nay, to her own man of men; just as, in the same train of incidents, on the question whether daily postage should be paid in silver or in bank-paper, there was another transient agony, at least in Boston.

Why is it, again let me ask, that Massachusetts has

Why is it, again let me ask, that Massachuse! not, instead of opposing always, rather assumed her post, in conscious right of intelligence and courage, proudly in that van of the march of the Union! Why inger in the rear always to pull back, to criticise, t

complain of the Federal Government?

I cannot say why it is—I see how it is. She permits herself to be preoccupied with some secondary incident of the great event, and works herself into rage on that, until she has lost all thought and cere of the great event itself, and of the part which in it she might and should play. At the present time, when human wit is at the maximum of creative and productive action—when the steamship, the railway, and the electric telegraph, marvels though they be, are but faint signs of the progress around us—when earth and sky, air and sea, and all which in them is, animate or inanimate, at the control of the great reviewers and are instinct with particle of the great movement, and are instinct with its spirit—at such a time the public mind of Massa-chusetts stands still, and grows passionate over some minor question. And we forget that, while we sit by the wayside, angrily discussing the nuger difficules of hours of idleness, the world is rushing silently by, leaving us in the lurch.

Must it be so forever? Will Massachusetts choose

always to be the drag or break on the wheels, an never the motive power itself? Will she constantly struggle to clog the march of the great event? If she reflect, she will be satisfied that she cannot stop renect, she will see satisfied that she cannot stop it; nay, she will see that it is her own event, it is her very self, that she is vainly striving to stop. I repeat, that from Jamestown on the one hand, and Plymouth on the other, issued the first two parallel streams of emigration, and of political and social influence, flowing one to the south-west and the other to the porth-west which streams in their wastward trannowing one to the south-west and the other to the north-west, which streams in their westward pro-gress are the history, the life, the soul, the predestined great event of America. You may guide, or at any rate go with the fated movement. But you cannot stop it, nay, whether you will or not, you are in it and of it, and must move on with its motion, either lead-ing or led—for if not leading you will be led—in the coverells of the Union. uncils of the Union.

Men of Messachusetts, I exhort you to "leave all Men of Messachusetts, I exhort you to "leave all "meaner things to low ambition," and raise your-selves into your appropriate sphere. I entreat, I implore you to abandon all thought of holding in those viewless coursers of the winds, which, with stretched muscles and enorting nostrils, are hurrying us on to greatness; to discard the vain wish to check the course of the rallest ship of our destiny which with greatness; to discard the vain wish to check the course of the gallant ship of our destiny, which, with all sails set from deck to truck, and with favoring breezes to fill them, is wafted across the subject main, laden with the last and best hopes of mankind; to cease from the impious endeavor to stop the fiery wheels of that chariot of the sun, which careers along the starry field of the Union from the danning Origin. the starry field of the Union, from the dawning Orient

the starry field of the Union, from the dawning Orient, up and over the empyrean highes of our actual power, on the uttermest regions of the Occident.

Mr. President: I have to entreat your pardon and the indulgence of my fellow-citizens and of the gentlemen here, that I have ventured to occupy their attention for a moment with other things than mere expressions of my hearffelt gratifude for this scene. I can but renew them from the bottom of my heart, as I de [Applause, long continued].

FALL OF A SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—Among the other incidents of the storm about 31 o'clock Tuesday morn-ing, was the fall of the Genesce Suspension Bridge, which spans the Lower Falls, fell with a crash. The

sample indemnity therefor to Mexico. I say, all test is a record of which any nation might with good cause be proud; and so may it be continued on hereafter in the same bright line of glory and of justice to the end!

But enough. I am trespassing on your indulgent attention, and hasten without further extending these remarks to the moral, which in my judgment, they suggest to us of the State of Massachusetts.

My friends, we thus perceive, on review of the history of our country, from the days of Jamestown and Plymouth down to the hour—for the history of the Dhion does not begin at the Revolution—we perceive that one great providential event occupies it promaently, to wit, the population and cultivation of North America under the auspices of English repre-

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GUROWSKI'S AMERICA AND EUROPE.

AMERICA AND EUROPE. By ADAM G. DE GEROWERL.

1200. pp. 41. D. Appleton & Co.

The progress of the democratic principle from its imperfect development in European society to its culminating point in the institutions of America is the central idea which inspires this volume. In the opinion of the author, the laws which govern the movement of civilization are not to be found in any physical differences of race, but in the inborn, universal elements of humanity. American life is characterized by the freedom and power which are given to the nobler sentiments of man's nature, and from which a social state has been evolved that has no parallel in the history of the past.

The most remarkable feature exhibited by the American people is the public spirit which pervades the whole mass. This has been brought out in a fuliness and vitality of which no examples are to be found among the elder nations of the world. Scarcely less potent is the thirst for information which arges on the American in the career of inquiry. It acts upon all classes, is not peculiar to persons of leisure and wealth, but is developed to the highest degree among those engaged in the pursuits of industry. Proceeding from the universal recognition of the equality of rights, it inspires the humblest individual with self-respect, and opens before him an horizon of bright and noble purposes. It adds vigor to the love of excitement which is a salient passion in the American. No one can land on the shores of this country without being struck with the general effervescence. Indeed, it is not easy for a foreigner to escape its influence himself. Neither age nor sex is free from the seducing intoxication. Every circle of society takes its part in the wild dance of the whirling dervises. How far this is to be explained by the influences of climate, or the effect of reaction against the rigor of Puritanism, is a doubtful problem. But it certainly cannot be regarded as a transient, superficial sentiment. Below the froth of excitement, a deep enthusiasm for all that is grand, generous, and noble is found in the American breast. The exercise of this emotion was at the basis of American history from its early dawn in the Mayflower to the

Declaration of Independence. Of its influence on American nationality, the two great products are democracy and self-government. No nation has had a similar origin. Its cradle was not rocked by any fabulous hero. No crouching subjects followed an ambitious leader for the sake of protection. The democratic sentiment was the vital essence of the new society, and democracy was nurtured by the combination of events that brought it into existence. The primitive settlers were attracted by identical aims, and hence social equality was unavoidable. Each colonist was thrown on his own resources, and was obliged to break out a path for himself. The first village was composed of equals, and from a germ like this the whole community was unfolded. No feudal lords obliged others to work for them in servile obedience. Every function was alike necessary, and hence alike honorable. Democracy was thus naturally transplanted from social life to political

European statesmen and political writers rarely comprehend this primitive character of American democracy. They confound the purely political nature of internal parties with inherent differences of opinion. They regard the names of Whigs and Democrats as representing two hostile elements that are mutually destructive of each other. In their view, the party which styles itself democratic alone possesses the character of democracy, according to the European or philosophical conception of the term. But this is a fundamental error, as the author maintains. Neither the question of State rights, nor that of enlarging the Federal power, nor that of free trade and protection, of internal improvements, and others of the same character which divide the two parties, have the effect of neutralizing the original democratic principle which is common to both. But European publicists, especially those of France, even when they adhere to the demomocracy as the name of a political party and as the only social constructive element in American democracy communities.

With such a different social commencement from that of the European nations, the destiny of America must differ from that which has marked the existence and the doom of other states. American society cannot move in the circle to which philosophers have hitherto limited the destinies of the race. It was, in the first instance, the offspring of a principle, and not of authority, tradition, or example. The established axioms of sociology, therefore, do not apply to America. She will not adjust herself to their frames. Other societies have begun in synthesis and ended in analysis. Starting with an aspiration for social or political authority and unity, they have traversed various phases of activity, and wound up in subdivision. criticism, and science. America, on the other hand, in a philosophical point of view, is the creation of analysis, and, therefore, of that phase in which other societies have found their completion. She personifies the combination of free individuality with association in a self-conscious democracy -a combination hitherto unknown in the history of man. Hence, the problem for America to solve has no relation with that which has been attempted by other societies .. It is her function to reconstruct a new and higher synthesis out of the negative analysis which gave her birth. Her present state may, indeed, be considered as experimental, but a successful experiment is succeeded by generaliza-

The contrast between the political mission of America and certain inconsistent features of her social organization has forcibly arrested the attention of our author. His comments on this subject are bold, energetic, and uncompromising. He sees n the American Union the highest social development of human equality by the side of the most terrible degradation. In defiance of the moral sense of humanity, in defiance of religious conceptions, civilization, and social progress, Slavery with all its repulsive contradictions, has found a harbor in the bosom of American freedom. In regard to this institution, the author has not derived his ideas from the literature or the leaders of the abolitionists. He has taken for the exponents of the working of Slavery, the legislative enactments of the Slave States, the Pro-Slavery press both of the North and the South, and the position and tone of eminent politicians. Nor is he, in any way, the advocate of immediate, direct, and unconditional emancipation. His views on this point would find as little sympathy with Mr. Garrison or Mr. Phillips as would his protest against Slavery with the followers of Mr. Calhoun. A sudden transition from a domestic state on which repose the whole agricultural and commercial interests of the South. he maintains, would produce inexpressible evil.

ruin, and destruction. Even for the enjoyment of orderly liberty, a previous apprenticeship would be necessary. But if the disorder is not at once curable, it by no means follows that its corrosive character and influence should not be exposed. So strong are his convictions in regard to the evil of Slavery, that he looks on the Free States alone as affording any hope of the progress of American principles.

The significance of America in the development, in the march of the Christian world, is fully and exclusively embodied in the Free States. Homanity, history, philosophy, civilization, ignore absolutely or repudiate the Slavery connection. Without the Free States, America would lose the brilliant halo which marks her as the harbinger of the future, as the foremost among the nations of the earth. The Slave States have hitherto passed unnoticed under the fascination emanating from the holy labarum unfuried and held in the hand of the intelligent, active, laborious, self-improving freemen of the Union. The Slave States, separated and alone, would sink at the best into absolute insignificancy, would become of less interest than are the Papuans or Polynesians for the great association of mankind. If by an untorseen calemity, Free America should become palsied in its onward course, if ever Slavery policy should prevail in the councils of the united nation—then her phenomenal apparition on the historical horizon will be an abortion, a social mistake. Then she will stand there branded for future generations and future ages—the sign of disgrace burning for eternity on the brow of this failen genius of humanity. The significance of America in the development, in

this fallen genius of humanity.

Leaving the further exhibition of the philosophical reasonings of the author on the influence and destiny of America, as opening too wide a field for our limited space, and as of too profound a character for a rapid abstract, we come to the less theoretical portions of the volume, which are not a little remarkable for their shrewdness of observation. scute but not unkindly criticism, and pun-

gent spiciness of expression. The American Press is the subject of an able chapter. In a few pointed words he describes this institution as the chivalry of the age. "She is to dissolve prejudices, disentangle the truth, elucidate, if not solve, daily social, political and administrative problems, defend the oppressed, the peer, bring to daylight abuses, discuss with conscientious independence the acts not only of those to whom society in any way or manner intrusts the regulation of its affairs, but even of private individuals when their actions bear upon the community.

The Press is one of the youngest powers and com-ponents of society. Its significance extends more rap-idly than that of all its predecessors, and hence the Press has its enemies, detractors, and traducers. Its lot in this respect is in common with all the other social phenomena, and with all new inventions, which social phenomena, and with all new inventions, which in the succession of time have appeared, dispossessed, or weakened the powers firmly established, and for longer or shorter periods ruling without contest over the whole or a part of society. Every new phenomenous, as an idea or as a fact, is necessarily a strife with the past, which proclaims the menacing new comer to be mischievous, destructive and subversive. Often eminent, generous, and partly, at least, progressive minds, with difficulty accept a new creation, which disturbs their repose, their preconceived ideas, and forces on them a change of judgment, a modification in their appreciation of ideas, in the comprehension of existing and acting agencies. The history of human events, of human culture and progress, is a continual record of such changes, evoking opposition; men in the aggregate, as well as single individuals, reluctantly submit to changes. Thus, for example, Erasmus, while applauding Luther, was still devoted to the party which was assailed by that audacious reformer. The assaults, the discredit which the champions of the past, of its secret proceedings, of the darkness, sheltering abuses and ignorance, attempt to throw on the Press, recoil and vanish, and even the most inveterate enemies and vanish, and even the most inveterate enemies recognize and submit to its increasing, all-embracing and wholesome action. The Press is resisted, outraged, vilified or undervalued by those only who shrink from light, who prefer benumbing cold to the intellectual warmth which daily expanded by the Press. Her power grows in proportion to the difficulties and impediments thrown in her way. Militant against abuses, often against the shrivelling and rotten past, the true condition of the Press is to be the beacon for the present, the harbinger of the future. She becomes daily more and more the compass, as well as the expression of the moral tone of society, and is so even in the appreciation of her enemies, of tyrants, absoluties, conspiers against justice, reason and progress; all of whom hate but bow to her, and according to the old saying, odit dum metuit. Thus her supremacy daily becomes a reality; and shaking all other powers and influences, she will soon stand paramount to all, crushing out her most fierce antagonists. to all, crushing out her most fierce antagonists.

This powerful engine becomes of good or evil import, according as it is wielded by pure or impure minds. Like everything in the mental and in the material world, it oscillates between good and evil, and can therefore exert a destructive and demoniac influence, as well as one of a beneficent character. But publicity and freedom carry a cure within themselves, and in a healthy condition of society, where the Press stands face to face with an enlightened community, the bad and unprincipled Press will find no support, and will finally die in its own corruption. Of the advantages of the Press in this country, on account of its cheapness and popular character, the author remarks: The American journalist must strike a cord vibrat-

ing freely and powerfully in the masses; he must carry away his public; he must either find access to the popular mind, insinuate himself honestly into it, or overpower the public by his superiority. There must exist a mental attraction between the two; the or overpower the punch of the superior of the press must inspire, awake, incite, push onward the mass, but it must likewise in a certain manner harmonize with the meral and social tendency of the people, which otherwise would abandon repulsive advisers. The cheapness of the Press and the large number of readers give the assurance of always finding a public, and also that even the diffusest shadowing and mark of opinion will be uttered, clucidated with the utmost independence. All these reciprocal conditions for the existence of a Press equal to her mission can be found only among intelligent masses, among a people, in the full meaning of the word. And such a people hitherto exists nowhere in Europe, or it exists, it is in anch small proportions that those data disappear in the general appreciation. Even in Euit exists, it is in such small proportions that those data disappear in the general appreciation. Even in Eugland the Press has been to the most recent epoch a luxury not within the reach, not within the appetite of the people at large—not an attraction for it. In Engiand—as is the case with the so-called independent Press in some States of the Continent—almost the whole Press is in the hands of cliques, using it for certain direct purposes. Thus it becomes the organ of these individual aims and schemes, and the, what these individual aims and schemes, and the what are called in Europe, better classes, forming almost exclusively the clientage of the Press, are, after all, commonly led astray. But the independence, the vast number of new-papers, the competition, the watchful-ness over each other, the aggregate of various opinions reached in the Press, all these combined conditions result in clucidating all questions from all possible sides, in bringing all the facts in their true light to the sides, in a condition of the press. result in elucidating all questions from all possible sides, in bringing all the facts in their true light to the knowledge of the public and further, in facilitating to any one with a little assuidity, an acquaintance with the state of public opinion on general or special objects and occurrences. In England, with the freedom of the Press, but without a people educated and prepared for its enjoyment, not possessing numerous country papers, supported and used by the masses; a skillful or bold writer, himself a toady or the tool of a clique, or of a man, deludes or bewliders the people, twists reason, facts and logic to serve his own purposes or those of his employers. The schemes of these men are represented as truth. Besides, the majority of the English Press addresses itself to classes, but seldom, very seldom, to the people itself, as the only national element. The English Press mentions the name of the people, to be sure, but speaks of it only in generalities, not in that brond and direct sense, has is the case in America. Whole districts, communities and townships in England, as well as on the Continent, exist the basics of wather the people of which the large of which the large of which the people of the large of the case in America. in America. Whole districts, communities and townships in England, as well as on the Continent, exist
without having any newspaper—any organ of publicity. Therein England is under the influence of centralization, as are the other European States. Almost every township and more populous village in the
free States in the Union has its organs, whose circulation is independent, and does not interfere with that of
those larger papers published in the capitals of States,
or in the larger cities.

The author does not always devote his pen to philosophical analysis or shrewd comment on passg phenomena. In discussing the characteristics of the American mind, he indulges in a vein of un wonted sentiment, suggested by the want of a gennine national poetry in the early development of the country.

The powers of the intellect have been exclusively

put into requirition and taxed from the first signs of vitality made by American society. As a people, as a nation, the Americans have not traversed the same successive stages as other peoples and nations. It can be said that America has no childhood, no juvenility. She was not lulled at the cradle with the legend, with the mythic song, with the murmur of tales. The Americans matured at once, and at once wrestled with stern reality. The lay, the popular minstrel, are wanting in their existence. The lay, the song, pour out of the heart and the anruffled feelings of a people. They flow from the native faith, and the imaginative, undefined, tender longings of childhood and of youth. Thus the lay becomes impressed on the heart, it penetrates sonl and imagination. Where it has once resounded, there it never dies away, and can disappear only with the disappearance of the human family from the earth. The song sways over the heart, undulating it softly and playfully between deep earnestness and sweetly moved feelings. The song softens and appears the most bitter and burning pams of heart and evoil, as the embrace of a mother solaces and appears the suffering and weeping child. When the thoray and withering contact of the world stifles the purest pulsations of one's nature, when it fills the existence with bitterness and despair, the heavenly charm of song warms it again to hope and to life.

with bitterness and despair, the heavenly charm of song warms it again to hope and to life.

Almost every European people lives upon popular lays; they form the most precious and inexhaustible treasure of the domestic hearth. Whether by the stern severity of the Puritanic rule, regulating and absorbing feelings, impressions, emotions, or by the ardness hard-hips of existence pressing patiessly on the primitive settlers North and South in the United States, the vein of popular song was cut through and dried up. From the first day, it nevermore gushed anew. Unwonted, nay unknown to the American people, to the American hearth, is the sooththrough and dried up. From the first day, it nevermore gushed anew. Unwonted, nay unknown to the
American people, to the American hearth, is the soothing worship of national and demestic legends, tales,
traditions, recollections. Reveries rocked not the people; miseries and sufferings, longings and love found
no vent in songs and meledies, those holy transmissions from the youth of a nation, treasured not in the
dead leaves of books, but ever living in the memory
of successive generations. The bards of such-like
spontaneous outbursts sprouted nameless from the
people; they left their songs resounding in the
hearts and in the air, but their names remained un
known and never have been catalogued. The known and never have been catalogued. The lays, like the art of writing, were not born in facto-ries, nor did they appear as mediators of commercial intercourse. There must have been powerful or soft emotions, to be sung in cestatic inspirations, and emoemotions, to be sung in cestatic inspirations, and cub-tions and actions to be preserved from oblivion; their memory was to be transmitted to comming genera-tions. Thus appeared unknown ministrels; thus un-known is the name of the first inventor of writing. The lays of unnamed ministrels repeated by the people, inspired a Homer, an Ossian, or the Niebelungen; the song of the people being one from among the many

ever-enduring sources of poetry.

Peetical feelings and aspirations are, however, inborn in the human mind, in human nature. Poetry—
that sublime and purest reflection of the spirit, elevating man above the animal world—poetry is distributed, although not equally, in all human beings.

The prevailing weaknesses and absurdities, which even a less penetrating observer than the author easily finds on the surface of American society, are set forth in a ridiculous light, but the intrinsic apt ness of his remarks will be recognized in spite of their occasional causticity. We take a few of these wholesome severities at random:

wholesome severities at random:

The American seems to be always in a hurry and excited; at his meals, in his study, and at his counter. For example: in the morning hours, when the New-York business population, old and young—and all is business in New-York—pours out into the main artery, in Broadway, and descends hurriedly "down towa," nothing in the world could stop or divert the torrent. Even if Sevastopol had been in their way, those men would have run over it at one rush.

In cities as well as in the country, in street as in the fields, in mansions as in cottages, in large or small gatherings, the Americans show a different aspect and physiognomy from Europeans. Rather dusky than radiant, but rendered nervous by the struggle to enjoy naturally the moment, and by the fear of hurting im-aginary propriety, they give the impression that they either do not care or do not understand how to win from life the cheerful, congenial, exhilarating side.

At such moments the pang of severe duty seems to furre w their brow, rarely and only occasionally irradi-

As neither the lark nor the nightingale, so almost never human song resounds in American fields, gardens or groves. Cheerfulness is a spontaneous impulse, is catching with Europeans of all classes. Americans—on the average—seem not to possess the rich gift of extemporizing pleasures. Their enjoyments must be prepared, deliberated, but do not flow from the drift of the moment. Dance is for them a study, instead of being a smiling attraction, an unconscious rapture. It reflects a mental sultriness, has the appearance of a nervous excitement, of a laborious nuscular effort and task. Often likewise easy, cosy talk in their gatherings is superseded by speeches, by talk in their gatherings is superseded by speeches, by exertions to produce an effect, to bring out themselves rather than to enliven, to charm their companions. The art or gift of conversation, so general in Europe is not yet domesticated in America.

set marred—as is the case in certain positions—by stempts at a kind of shabby-genteel notions, the ge-ial soul-life breaks mightily through the apparently and soul-life breaks mightily through the apparently inflexible crust, spreads over the surface, giving a soft tone and expression to manners, ideas and conventionalities. Then in them, as in all truly highbred natural European woman the second se European women, the contrast between mnonence and prudery, between genuine inborn gentleness of manners and affected composure, is preeminently discernible. When not laboring under cforts at representation, when truly and frankly natural, either as the devoted wife and mother, or as the independent, self-confident, and, in her purity and innocence, proud girl, the American woman is hearty, simple, affectionate; her impulses are generous, spreading amenity over conventional intercourse and relations. The normal state, the pedestal, the frame wherein the American woman of every social position, rich or poor, stands out the best, is the simple informal intercourse, more than representation, or the taking of postures or airs, be it in gaudy crowded saloons, in luxurious beudoirs, in country life, or in the simple cottage.

Among all classes of society, and preeminently among women, considerable confusion seems to pre-vail in often mistaking the conventional ladylike man-ner for true genuine womanhood. The word lady is all-powerful, and all-powerfully used and misused in America. It is applied not to make a constant of the all-powerful, and all-powerfully used and misused in America. It is applied not to mark a certain distinct position, but extends to morals, character, dress, behavior, occupation, pleasures. It has almost superseded the use, the signification, of the word woman. In its thus generalized sense, it is applied with equal right and logic in the parlor as in the kitchen, in the mansion as on the farm, to the luxurious and the idle, as to the laborious and the plain. But by its shabby genteel sense, this lady and ladylike character stands often in the way of truthfulness and nature, stands in the way even of accomplishing many social, conventional, as well as real duties, beside generating shams, affectations, and all kinds of spurious displays, defacing genuine reality. It is as an acid, destroying the snave perfame of ingenuousness, discoloring the freshest into of a richly blossoming flower.

Although it is far more important to know

Although it is far more important to know whether the strictures of an intelligent foreigner on our social and political institutions are just, than whether they are complimentary, we may observe that the tone of M. de Gurowski must be regarded as highly flattering to the patriotic vanity of which the universal Yankee nation is said to possess a superabundant share. His admiration of this country is founded on conviction and principle. He has a wise perception of the interests of humanity that are involved in her progress. He is deeply impressed with the momentous issues that are at stake. No previous writer on the position and destiny of America has given such a profound exposition of her advantage, and her dangers. With such an evident prepossession in favor of this country, his comments, on her inconsistencies and short-comings are entitled to the greater weight. We do not always agree with his bold generalizations-we think the fervid impetuesity of his intellect has sometimes hurried him to premature conclusions, especially in regard to the influence of the foreign element in our populationbut we nowhere detect the operation of prejudice. of sophistry, or of defective information. The mass of historical knowledge with which his pages are crowded is no less extraordinary for its depth and comprehensiveness than for the graceful facility with which it is made to bear on the illustration of the subject in hand. Equally striking is the sinewy vigor of style in which the work is composed. Al though it shows frequent traces of foreign origin, their piquant strangeness scarcely takes any thing from its effectiveness.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

- In order to have a word to the Electers as thoroughly Paimerston partisan, it was announced that The Edinburgh Review would be issued some three weeks before the regular period of its publica tion. This is considered sherp practice, but it may be recollected that during the Reform bill excitement of 1831 two numbers of The Quarterly Review, each containing violent attacks against the Grey Ministry, were published within a week of each other.

-For several years The Dublin University Maga

reachas been the only permanent monthly periodical in Ireland. It has been successively edited by Mr. Isaac Butt, Charles Lever ("Harry Lorequer"), Samuel Ferguson, author of that fine balled "The Forging of the Anchor in The Nortes Ambrosiume, and Dr. Waller. There is also, commenced in March, 1851. The Irish Quarterly Review, in which have appeared several first-rate biographical articles, an ance dotal and semi-historical series called "The Streets of Dublin," and a variety of papers on purely Irish subjects. Latterly, too much space has been absorbed in this periodical by such subjects as prison discipline and reformatory schools. The Dublin University Magazine being ultra Tory in politics and pelemics, a rival is announced to commence in Dublis during the present month with a more liberal tene and bearing the title of The Irish Metropolitan Magazine It will be issued monthly, at half-a-crown a number the size of Blackwood. Not having yet appeared, we can only give the advertised contents of the opening number, viz: Life's Foreshadowings, a novel by the author of "Old Times," part I; The Psyche of Capua, a fragment by the late Mrs. Romer; Flat Justitia; Vita Via, a poem; Sunset and Sunrise Duck-shooting at Lechnagall; Recollections of the River Costello; Last Days of Sevastopol, No. 1; "If Only," a poem; A Few Words on Novels; Sporting Appendix. Edward J. Miliken of College Green,

Dublin, is the publisher.

—James Bruce, author of "Historic Portraits," and other works, has established a literary, dramatic and musical weekly at Edinburgh, called The Lyceum. The newly-established Edinburgh Weekly Review, conducted with skill, tact and ability, seems likely to

-John Leech, the principal artist of Punck, ancounces a volume of plain and colored sketches under the name of "Master Jackey in Love; or, a Regular Young Troublesome," being a sequel to "Master Jackey's Holidays," by the same lively artist.

—Hrs. Trollope's son, Anthony, has a new novel in the press, called "Barchester Tours." Among the

new translations announced as "nearly ready" is "Valisheria, a Midsummer Day's Dream," by Emily Pfeiffer-who must not be confounded with, or mi taken for Ada Pfeiffer, who has gone round the world as a dead-head, and is the most entertaining and instructive of travelers.

- Hurray of London has lately published a Travel er's Edition of Byron (double columns, pocket size), with a beautiful engraving after the celebrated bust by Thorwalsden, the Danish sculptor, now in Trinity College, Cambridge. He has also issued "The Beauties of Byron," embellished with a portrait of the poet taken in boyhood, and never before engraved,

- Sir John Bowring, Governor of Houg Kong, written, and just published, two stout volumes relative to the Kingdom of Siam, which he visited, a short time since, as special Embassador from England. His residence in Siam was exactly of one month's duration, but by aid of paste and scissors, he has manufactured a bulky work.

-The author of "The Diary of Mary Powell" (Milton's first wife) has just published "The Good Old Times; a Tale of Auvergne."

-The Rev. Thomas Dix Hineks, formerly the most eminent schoolmaster of his day in Ireland, and author of many standard school books, is dead. He was Professor of Hebrew for many years in Belfast Institution. One of his sons, an ex-Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, is well known as an eminent Orientalists. Another, also a ciergyman, is likely to be appointed to the Episcopal see which will be established very is now Governor-General of the Windward Islands, and was Prime Minister of Canada for some time.

-Contrary to expectation, The London Critic did not un into hyperbolic praise of Edward M. Whitty's 'Friends of Bohemia, or Phases of London Life," while The Athenaum, which every one thought cer-tain to cut it up, has praised its design, execution and pirit. Mr. Whitty, by the way, has abandoned the London press for a season, having accepted the editorship, for twelve mouths, of The Northern Whig, one

of the leading newspapers in the north of Ireland. saying unkind things of American productions, deviated from its usual course, and has devoted four columns to a very laudatory and analytical critique upon Mr. Darley's recently-published series of thirty etchings, illustrative of Mr. Judd's "Margaret." It concludes by earnestly recommending Mr. Durley to prepare illustrations, of a like character, of Haw-thone's "Scarlet Letter."

-George Augustus Sala, whose writings in Household Words are so generally accredited to Dickens by the reading public, has commenced a new serial story, with wood-cut illustrations, in The Illustrated Times, a low-priced and not very well got up London weekly. It is called "The Baddington Peerage, with his Lordship's Life: A Story of the Best and Worst Society.

-William H. Russell of The London Times was asked by the proprietors to go to China as special correspondent, but was compelled to decline, as he was previously engaged to lecture during the next twelve months in the leading cities of Great Britain and Ireland on the Crimean War.

-Thackerny was at Edinburgh when last heard from, and had there delivered a lecture on Humor and Charity for the benefit of the widow and children of the late Angus B. Reach.

- Collections of National Songs are extremely rare, particularly those in the English language. Charles Mackay, the verse-writing editor of The Illustrated London News (in which, with amiable modesty, he permits his own poetry to be lauded to the seventh heaven), did a triffe, some years ago, toward supply-ing this deficiency. His "Illustrated Book of English Song," rather tastily illustrated with wood-cuts, was pretty good-es far as it went. Some one else did the same by the " Songs of Scotland, from the 16th to the 19th Century." Latterly, indeed, the Scottish lyrical muse has been better cared for. Witness "The Modern Scottish Ministrel," by Dr. Charles Rogers, to be completed in six volumes, of which four have ap-This collection has biographical prefaces, erse, and telling, and is a great deal better than The Athenous declares, but by no means worthy of the high praise bestowed on it by "Gifted Gilfanan," in The Critic.

-In Germany, Russia, Belgium, Hungary and Spain, collections of national lyries have lately been published. Even in France, by order of Louis Napoleon, such a national work is in progress. In England, three such collections are announced. 1. "The Book of American Songs," by Howard Paul, who is something of a versifer, an actor, an artist, and a magazinist. 2. "The Book of German Songs," old and new, translated and edited by H. W. Dulcken, illustrated by Charles Keene, with other engravings by Dalziel, who has taken Richard Doyle's old position in Panch. The editor is son, we believe, of the late Madame Duicken, the celebrated pianiste. 3. "The Book of Irish Songs," from the 16th to the 19th century, by Samuel Lover, himself author of numeros popular lyrics, of which the best known are Rory More, the Low-Backed Car, the Angel's Whisper, the Four-Leaved Shamrock, and the Birth of St. Patrick. Of all men living, Lover is best qualified, in many points, to edit such a work. He is now at an age (6 when authors usually desire to rest on their lan The favor of Lord Palmerston, himself an Irishman, has given him £100 a year for life on the Pension